

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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ALL OR NOTHING.

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&c. &c.

CHAPTER III. JULIA CARMICHAEL.

THE impression in most cases that Julia Carmichael made upon strangers was, that she was uninteresting; and that it was very good and amiable of her cousin, Laura Chumleigh, to be so fond of her. Perhaps this, or, at least, the first portion of it, was not so superficial as most judgments hastily formed and thoughtlessly expressed; for Julia was not striking, either in person or manner. She was Colonel Chumleigh's niece, the only and orphan child of his only sister, and both her parents had been dead for a longer period than her memory extended to. She had been left to the guardianship of her uncle at five years old, and was admitted by Lady Rosa Chumleigh to her own nursery until she reached the age of seven. Then she was sent, fortunately for her, to a boarding-school, which was not too expensive to allow of the charges being paid out of the very small provision which her parents, who had both died in India, had been able to make for their only child. Lady Rosa would not have thought of such a thing as sending Laura to a boarding-school: no such levelling proceeding could have been tolerated in the case of a Ness: but little Julia Carmichael's was quite another case. No one could say how things might go with her in the future, and she must not be brought up with any ridiculous notions of equality with her cousin. She certainly did not

entertain any such notions, though it was probably only in the eyes of Lady Rosa Chumleigh that they would have seemed ridiculous, and the boarding-school experiment was successful. Julia Carmichael acquired everything that was taught her, and a great deal that was not; discernment of character, for instance, and tact; a tolerably just estimate of the difference between reality and make believe; and a reasonably correct notion of what might be got out of life in the way of contentment, and of what it was totally useless to look for or expect as a product or accompaniment of life.

The boarding-school selected by Lady Rosa Chumleigh as a safe place of deposit for her husband's niece, was a very old-established one, with quite a county reputation, and situated within a short distance of a large and important town in Suffolk. Julia was the youngest pupil the Misses Sandilands had ever received, and she had the good fortune to find favour in the eyes of the younger of the highly-respected maiden ladies who presided over Bury House. Her lot was in reality far preferable to that of the cousin Laura, who supplied the fanciful element which could not be altogether dispensed with in the girl's life, and of whom she told her companions wondrous tales when she returned from the one annual visit to her uncle's house in Hertfordshire which Lady Rosa allowed her. She was far better informed, better brought up, better fitted to face the world than her beautiful cousin, and she had a much truer notion of that world which would have to be faced.

Julia was little more than a child when it occurred to her, during one of her visits to her only relatives, to wonder how it had

ever come about that her uncle and Lady Rosa had become man and wife.

"Nobody can make a man do anything if he does not like," the small observer had said to herself on this occasion, "and it seems to me that Uncle Chumleigh could not have liked to marry Lady Rosa; she is so ugly, and she does scold so. At all events, I am quite sure he would not like to marry her now."

She continued to meditate a good deal on this theme, and as her opportunities for observing how the institution of matrimony worked, were very limited, she allowed her perception of it, in the light of a failure in this particular instance, to influence her general views to an extent which, as their data were not explained, considerably astonished her companions. A school-girl who had no ardent desire to leave school, and was inclined to think one would be better off unmarried than married, was a phenomenon, indeed, and Julia's heretical notions tended to render her unpopular. As she grew older she began to understand the respective characters of her uncle and Lady Rosa better, and to suspect that if there did exist in the world a man who could be made to do what he did not like, her uncle was that man. From this new light on the subject, to regarding the colonel as the victim of Lady Rosa's superior strength of purpose and determination, to making up her mind that Lady Rosa had married him, was not a long step for a reasoner like Julia. She liked her uncle very much, but she always wondered why he had chosen "the service" for his profession, and how he had acquitted himself in a position of command. These were points on which Julia's shrewdness and observation availed her nothing; she had no side lights of knowledge by which to learn that Colonel Chumleigh was an exceedingly brave man, and had been a first-rate commanding officer. He did not retire from the service until some years after his niece had been confided to his guardianship, but of those years Julia knew nothing. The Chumleighs were in India when Captain Carmichael and his wife died within a few hours of each other, and Lady Rosa brought the colonel's ward to England with her own little girl, who was one year older than Julia.

Lady Rosa did not rejoin her husband; and when he brought his regiment home, at the expiration of the usual term of service, in such good condition that the colonel was highly commended in the

proper and honour-giving quarters, circumstances had arisen which decided him to retire. A childless uncle of Lady Rosa's, the only one of her relatives who had not regarded her love-match with disdain, and did not hold that she, for her folly in marrying a nobody with next to nothing, and the colonel, for his presumption in marrying a Ness, would be properly punished by lifelong poverty, had died while Colonel Chumleigh was on his voyage home, and left a small estate to Lady Rosa.

Colonel Chumleigh had no very distinct notions of how to turn himself into a country gentleman; he rather thought he should dislike land; he was quite sure he should dislike the care and trouble of it. Lady Rosa did not mind whether he liked or did not like the place; she was delighted. All the territorial instincts of a Ness awoke within her, and if the Scottish mountains, moors, lochs, and deer-forests, which constituted the domains of that ancient house, had come into her possession, instead of the trim, pretty little place in the best-wooded part of the tame and prosperous English county, she could hardly have been prouder, busier, or more dictatorial. The colonel might have spared himself all misgivings as to the trouble and responsibility that were likely to accompany the proprietorship of Hunsford. Lady Rosa had not the smallest intention of permitting them to devolve upon him. She had never in her life hitherto had enough to do, and though she had in her some of the unwomanly meanness which would distinguish between what was her own, and what was the joint property of her husband and herself, this motive did not count for nearly so much in her proceedings as the previously-repressed activity and the self-sufficiency of her disposition. She had hated India and "the service." The methods and ways of the one had been too strong for her; she had been obliged to submit to them; and there had been no room for her energies in connection with the other. Perhaps the only affectation of which Lady Rosa Chumleigh ever was guilty, was that of making intentional blunders about military matters—misapplying technical terms, and qualifying all conversation in which they were correctly used as "army slang." She would have hailed with delight almost any turn of the wheel of fortune that would have led to her husband's leaving the service—but such a turn as this! She was

not given to gratitude, or to thinking that her merits had met with a sufficient recognition by Providence; but she certainly did bless the memory of the donor of Hunsford.

Colonel Chumleigh retired, and entered upon an existence of chronic not knowing what to do with himself. He had never known much about country life in England, and he could not interest himself sufficiently in the subject to learn. The garden, and the shrubberies, and the ferns, were all very well; but he found the gardens, shrubberies, and ferns belonging to other people of about as much or as little interest to him. The place was too small for sporting purposes. Indeed, the colonel, who had been a noted "shikari," could not be bothered with anything but "big game." He liked men's dinner-parties, of the military order, where they told heavy regimental stories, and everybody remembered the respective dates of everybody else's "steps." But there was not much of that sort of thing to be had in Hertfordshire. The fact was that the colonel had not a talent for pottering, and there was nothing else for him to do. The first-rate potterer, whose lines are laid in pleasant places where no pressing duties contend with the practice of his art, is a happy man; the third-rate, or perfunctory, potterer is bored, and a bore. Colonel Chumleigh never rose to eminence, and he felt his deficiency very much, until he took to occupying himself pretty constantly with his little daughter, Laura; and from that time things went better with him. The bright little girl was not an only child. "Providentially," Lady Rosa would say, as if she were talking of the succession to Chatsworth, "providedentially there is a male heir to Hunsford." Lady Rosa had been much disturbed during the first years of her proprietorship by the apprehension that the place would have "to go in the female line;" but the birth of a son, when Laura was nearly eight years old, completed her satisfaction.

It was no wonder that Julia Carmichael, on one of her annual visits at Hunsford, should have asked herself how it was that her uncle could ever have married Lady Rosa, for a pair less fitly framed to meet by nature it is rare to see. And yet theirs had been a love-match; and certainly had been distinguished by all the abdication of judgment in favour of sentiment, which is commonly so called. What had become

of the love? Aye, there was the rub, from which so many suffer throughout long lives. Lady Rosa was a practical person, and not troubled with niceties of feeling; so, when the time came at which it was desirable to make sure that there should be as little "nonsense" about her daughter as there was about herself, she did not scruple to use her own case for the illustration of her text, and the enforcement of her doctrine.

It was a pleasant surprise to the colonel when Lady Rosa decidedly took to Julia Carmichael. She had permitted her presence, indeed, at stated periods since they had been living at Hunsford, but she had never taken much notice of her. Tolerance, as Julia had at an early period the sense to recognise, was a good deal to get from Lady Rosa; and she was so happy with her cousin, for whom she entertained unbounded admiration and affection, and had so rightly profited by the discipline of a school in which, though she was contented, she was not spoiled, that she found no difficulty in making the best of her position with her uncle's wife.

With the prospect of Laura's introduction into society, a new era of activity for Lady Rosa—and of disturbance, but with certain alleviations, for the colonel—had set in. In the interests of "the heir to Hunsford," who was to be sent to a public school, and to a university, and to have every advantage, and who was the only being his mother really loved, it was most desirable that Laura should marry well; while in her own it was indispensable. A furnished house in Lowndes Street was taken, Laura was presented at Court, received some lukewarm recognition from sundry branches of the noble house of Ness, was much admired by many greater people, went the customary round of the season, and returned, on its conclusion, to Hunsford, a good deal the worse for it in point of bloom and spirits; and with no prospect of marrying well, for that year, at all events.

The colonel had found pottering easier work in town than in the country. He was not of much greater importance in one place than in the other, but he found out men whom he knew in London; and then there were the clubs, and he liked to go to places with Laura, and see her dance and enjoy herself. How wonderfully pretty his girl had become! A little while before she had been only a dark-eyed, olive-skinned, foreign-looking little

creature, full of pretty coaxing ways with him—ways that neither her mother nor her governess knew anything about—and now she was a lovely, brilliant young woman, holding her own in the big world, and going in for its prizes; fluttering in the sunshine like the bright insect by whose name her father called her. Before that first season came quite to a close, however, something ailed his Firefly. She did not seem to care at all about the final festivities; but still less did she seem to care about going back to Hunsford. The colonel, taking courage where Laura was concerned, inquired of her mother what was the matter. Only a piece of folly, Lady Rosa answered him; the usual nonsense that all girls went on with, she supposed, once in their lives; fancying themselves in love with men whom it was impossible they could marry, unless they were permitted to make themselves and everyone connected with them miserable and ridiculous. The whole thing had been happily discovered and disposed of, before it was too late; and she must really beg that the colonel would not meddle in the matter, or allow Laura to perceive that he was in the least aware of her nonsense.

Colonel Chumleigh was greatly disturbed by all this; he had secretly cherished a hope that his daughter might find in marriage the happiness he had missed, but which he had not ceased to believe in, or to hold to be inseparably dependent upon love. He could not, even yet, imitate Lady Rosa's matter-of-fact, and calmly dispose of love's young dream as "nonsense." Nevertheless, when he heard such of the particulars of his daughter's "nonsense" as Lady Rosa thought proper to impart to him, he had to acknowledge that it wouldn't have "done" at all. There was not even as much reason in this case as there had been in his own, and Lady Rosa herself could hardly feel the force of that comparison more strongly than the now middle-aged hero of her "love's young dream" felt it.

Julia Carmichael came to Hunsford upon her annual visit immediately on the return of the family from London. Laura had been peremptorily ordered by her mother to refrain from any confidences with her cousin on the subject of the "nonsense" that had occurred in town, and she had scrupulously obeyed, being, indeed, disinclined to speak of the matter herself; still, the companionship did her

good, and Julia became an element of relief and harmony in the household. When the visit was approaching its conclusion, Lady Rosa informed Julia that she had changed her plans concerning her. It had been arranged that the colonel's niece—for whom no formal introduction into the world would be necessary, and who would be useful at Hunsford when Laura should have married well—was to leave school at the following midsummer term; but Lady Rosa now decreed that the period should be abridged, that Julia was to come home at Christmas.

In her unusually urbane mood towards the girl—a mood which was much assisted by her vexation with Laura—Lady Rosa found time to bestow some thought upon her future. She was not pretty, and she would have no more money than would barely suffice for her to live upon, according to the properly moderate notions of persons of that class; it was not therefore probable that she would have a chance of marriage, unless she had someone to manage a little for her. If she should conduct herself to Lady Rosa's satisfaction, it was just possible that Lady Rosa might do the necessary management. She did not pledge herself, to herself, to anything. Time would show, and she should see.

Julia Carmichael came to Hunsford for good at Christmas-time, and had Lady Rosa been a jealous mother, she could not have entertained any fear of Julia's interfering with her brilliant cousin. Miss Carmichael was tall of stature, deliberate of speech, methodical in all her ways, so self-possessed that not even Lady Rosa could disconcert her; and though there was a certain attraction about her face, in the intelligent grey eyes, smooth, almost colourless complexion, well-shaped forehead, and sweet expression, that attraction was the opposite of the charm that Laura exercised.

In the following spring the same house in Lowndes Street was again secured for the Chumleighs, and Laura, in renovated health, beauty, and spirits, began her second season. Of the gaieties of this year Julia had her share, according to Lady Rosa's notions of what was the right thing for her; and she was perfectly satisfied. She gave no trouble, she made no fuss, she really was an admirable girl, and she should have Lady Rosa's best assistance in disposing of herself when

Laura was settled! The second season came to an end; the family returned to Hunsford; and shortly afterwards, Julia Carmichael went on a long visit to her old friends at Bury House.

When Julia returned to Hunsford, she was received with the usual warmth of welcome by Laura and her uncle, and with more than usual civility by Lady Rosa. "I am glad to see you, my dear," said her ladyship, "if it were only that you can say more than 'yes' and 'no' when you are spoken to." The conference between the cousins that evening was a long one, for Julia had an important piece of news to confide to Laura. Lady Rosa's well-meant provisions for the future were unnecessary; Julia had disposed of herself without anybody's assistance.

"Engaged! You don't really mean it, Julia?"

"Indeed, I do mean it. Actually and seriously engaged."

"And papa and mamma not to know about it! And that with Miss Sandilands' sanction? Does it seem all right?"

"I think so, and so will you when I have explained. It is to be what your mother hates and despises—a love-match."

"Ah, poor mamma!" said Laura with a sigh.

The story Julia had to tell was briefly this. The Misses Sandilands had a younger brother, a clever and energetic young man, and this John Sandilands was the hero of Julia's romance.

"He is as well-born as I am," said Julia, "and he has very little money, but plenty of ability and courage, and he is willing to work as hard as he can, and to wait for me as long as he must. His sisters were rather shocked at first when he told them, and that was before he told me, because I was under their protection—so right and honourable of him, was it not?—but they came all right afterwards, and were so nice; and they both said they were sure there could be no happiness in the world like a real love-match, though neither of themselves had ever had time to be in love with anyone. That did sound melancholy, and when we talked about it afterwards—he and I, I mean—he said it made him ashamed of himself, for a great deal of what they had earned had been expended on him—not that he was in fault for that. And then everything was settled between us. John has got a very good offer to go out to Ceylon to manage a coffee-plantation, which has been let to

go almost to ruin, for a friend of his, Sir Wilfred Esdaile—do you know him?" Laura had looked up, with a slight start at the mention of the name, but she only shook her head, and Julia went on.

"He's to have a certain salary for the first year, and then it is to be raised according to 'results,' he called it; and when it reaches one thousand pounds a year, he is to write home and tell my uncle, and I am to go out to Ceylon, and we are to be married, and live in a bungalow."

"And you have promised him that you will wait, you do not know how long?"

"And I have promised him that I will wait, I do not know how long. You see, dear Laura, he and I both know our own minds perfectly; nothing can ever change them; and if there were any opposition here it would only make things uncomfortable—it is not as if I were their daughter, you know—but nothing that the colonel or Lady Rosa could say would have the least effect on me. It ought not, you know, for he and I love and trust each other, and the only reasons that could be urged against us would be worldly reasons, and they have all been weighed and put aside. I shall be all I can to my uncle and Lady Rosa, and when the time comes they will see that I have done right, holding to my troth, but not troubling their house with useless discussions."

"Nothing—no waiting—could make you give him up?" Laura asked anxiously, and with a look of pain in her dark eyes.

"Not for all the world—and yet, what a silly measure that is to mete my assurance by!—for what would all the world be to me without him?"

"It's a strange secret to have to keep," said Laura, after a pause, and thoughtfully, "and yet I'm very glad you have told me."

"I could not have helped that; in the first place, because we are too near and too much to each other for reserves; and then again, because I must talk of him to you. Think how far away he is, and for how long!"

The cousins talked much over this wonderful subject, and it was afterwards constantly renewed between them. John Sandilands was hard-working and prosperous, and by the time in the following year that Laura realised her mother's wishes, and married "well," he was beginning to see a term to his long engagement.

The Indian mail went out two days after the marriage of Mr. Thornton and Miss Chumleigh; one of the letters it carried contained a minute description of the wedding, written by Julia Carmichael to John Sandilands.

A VALID DEFENCE.

THE great case of Jones versus Bull has not yet been brought to trial. There is just a possibility that it may never reach that practical stage. Such things have been known as the issuing of writs, and getting up of cases, and general making of preparations with a demonstrativeness calculated to strike terror into the heart of the most obstinate defendant, and all with the simple design of frightening that possibly gullible individual into abandoning his case without going into court. It does, of course, sometimes happen that the defendant proves less amenable to this treatment than has been fondly anticipated; nay, is even pig-headed enough to see in the very éclat of the preparations against him pretty clear proof that nothing serious is intended, and is encouraged in his resistance accordingly. It would perhaps be indiscreet to enquire too curiously into the precise state of Mr. Bull's feeling in this respect. But as the case is one in which all that worthy old gentleman's friends—and he has some friends still, even among his own family—must needs take considerable interest, it is satisfactory to find that he has not been backward in getting up his defence.

The plaintiff in the case is, or claims to be, the lineal descendant of one Mr. Paul Jones, between whom and Mr. Bull there was a good deal of litigation of a rather lively description some century or so ago. Mr. Jones's great reliance at that time was upon the writ of "fiery facias," and no doubt but that he succeeded on several occasions in "making it unpleasantly warm" for those of Mr. Bull's family who happened to reside in at all combustible habitations, on unprotected portions of the sea-coast. Mr. Bull himself, on the other hand, put his trust, as he is apt to put it, in the Habeas Corpus. And beyond all question, could he only have succeeded in putting it into execution, the corpus of Mr. Jones would have been promptly subjected to a similar operation, and "this plaintiff here, the offender," would have offended no more. There

have been some changes since that day both in law and procedure. The former have certainly not been in Mr. Jones's favour. His present backers seem to be under the impression that the latter have, which is the point at issue.

Meanwhile, it is interesting to know what sort of defence Mr. Bull is prepared to make, should the case really ever be brought to an issue; so, as experienced persons seem to think that, in such an event, the venue might not improbably be laid in the neighbourhood of Gravesend, I determine to proceed thither and examine matters a little for myself.

"Looking for the C. R. E., sir?" enquires a fresh young voice at my elbow, as I pick my way gingerly through the quaint and not too clean compromise between a bankrupt bazaar and the saloon of a dismantled steamer, which does duty for a pier at the port of Gravesend.

I look down questioningly, in my turn. So far as I am aware, I have never even heard of the C. R. E., whatever it, or he, may be, and am certainly not looking for it—or him. Nor are my views much clarified when my young questioner, promptly replying to my uplifted eyebrow, goes on to suggest that I "have got a card, haven't I, from the I. G. F.?" I begin to have a dim suspicion that this young gentleman in the monkey-jacket and knickerbockers, who all the way from Blackwall has been making the captain's life a burden to him, and dangerously distracting that officer's mind from the intricacies of pilotage, by the way in which he has persisted in thrusting his active young person into every conceivable danger a steamer affords, is indemnifying himself for the comparative barrenness of life on shore by a little of what he himself would no doubt term "chaff." So I reply, guardedly, that I have no alphabetical requirements whatever. Whereat my young rascal grins; informs me that he had thought, "from my umbrella," I was a "W. O. man;" introduces himself, not without a touch of professional pride, as son of the "B. M. at —;" and offers his guidance to the office of the mysterious C. R. E., whom, in consideration of my civilian ignorance, he now explains to be the "Commanding Royal Engineer."

"You'll never find your way by yourself, you know," he says confidently; and though less impressed than he evidently is with the necessary connection between

inability to converse in the alphabetic shorthand of "the department," and general helplessness and imbecility in the ordinary affairs of life, I am inclined to think that I might perhaps have a less amusing guide, and close with his offer accordingly.

And a crooked and dingy, not to say unsavoury path is that by which he guides me. Why is it, I wonder, that waterside ways always seem to display this curious tendency to mouldy complication? Is there anything in the damp of a river's bank that undermines the constitution of its streets, and makes them limp and frowsy, and given to break out abnormally in unexpected places? I have been told to turn to the left and keep straight on. But I have not travelled fifty yards before I find that straight on leads me into an ancient and most fishlike cul-de-sac, whilst the way in which I should go shoots uphill to the right, as though suddenly inspired with a moment's vigorous determination to attain to a higher and wholesomer elevation. A dozen paces farther on its courage fails it. The upward shoot continues like the young sprout of a thistle branching boldly upwards from its creeping underground root. But the waterside road itself slinks away again along the bank, to make another upward turn a little farther on, and in turn abandons that just as it is growing into a busy, shop-filled street, and sneaks away once more in its mouldy, unsavoury back-lane fashion to the last. However, my young guide threads his way with the calm decision of a native; and as we go he confides to me a somewhat blood-thirstily-sounding hope that "the war may last at least half-a-dozen years." I suggest mildly that there is no war; that, on the contrary, there is to be a Congress,—it was before the time of the Grand Compromise—wherein all things are to be settled amicably and without further flash of steel or smoke of cannon. "Oh, bother your congresses," says my irreverent and pugnacious young friend. "You don't mean to say old Dizzy won't fight?" And with that we are at the picturesque quarters of the C. R. E., where a soldier-servant, looking in his loose civilian costume as though he had entered the Service with the breech-loaders and had taken the opportunity of swallowing, not merely the one traditional ramrod, but the whole discarded stock, shows me into the pleasant, bow-windowed drawing-room, and carries off my card for his master's inspection.

My young guide does not accompany me. His youthful bump of veneration is not, I fear, very highly developed; but there are some dignities which command even his respect, and foremost amongst these appears to be that of a C. R. E. So he remains without, and devotes his superfluous energies to the cheyving of a presumptuous civilian cat, whose devotion to some too fascinating Thomas of the garrison has tempted her in a fatal hour from the safe seclusion of the domestic hearth. And indeed, except perhaps from puss's point of view, that irrepressible young gentleman is just as well where he is. He would be terribly out of place in the peaceful little country-parsonage-looking drawing-room, with its verandah window looking out upon the secluded little garden, shady with trees and odorous with blossom, which must surely have, in some sheltered corner, a grey-green gate leading through the quiet God's-acre to the oak-seated porch of the grey old church. It really comes with something of a shock when, through a gap in the leafy screen, your eye is caught by a huge dark mass, which, on examination, turns out to be not tower or chancel, but a huge black monster of a gun, a veritable Woolwich Infant, perched upon the parapet which lies beyond the leafy screen, and which, under the very unromantic name of the Old Tavern Fort, forms part of those river defences of the Thames, which are the objects of my present journey. In five minutes more I am on the parapet alongside it, and my young friend in the knickerbockers—who has long ago, as he informs me, chevied his quarry down the lane and up a court and right over a wall ten feet high if it was an inch, and very nearly into a big tank, only the beggar jumped like a flea, you know, and went right in at a first-floor window without smashing anything, except just a couple of stupid little pots of geraniums—has clambered up upon the carriage, regardless even of the terrible C. R. E., whose windows command him from the rear, and is standing on tiptoe to "squint" along the huge black tube, and is calling to me to see how splendidly it covers that big Indianman just being towed up the river on her way to Blackwall, and how surely you could plump a shell into her as she passes.

But law bless you!—opines the young marksman, as he jumps to earth again after a supposititious but highly energetic performance of the sacred mysteries of sponging, reloading, ramming, and so forth,

the weapon with which he has just bowled over his imaginary Paul Jones—no Russian ship will ever get within fire of the guns of the Old Tavern Fort. Why Shorne and Coalhouse, out there as far as I can see at the bend of the river, would blow any ironclad afloat into an admiral's cocked hat, without saying anything of torpedoes. Don't know Shorne or Coalhouse, don't I? Well then, I ought to go and see them now directly, instead of wasting time over a stupid old rattletrap like the Old Tavern. Oh, yes! the guns were good enough, Woolwich Infants, and all that, you know. Not hundred-tonners, of course. It don't run to hundred-tonners for a little one-horse place like this, but quite as big as ever they'll want here. And ready? Oh, yes. I am not to make any mistake about that. If I have any doubt on the subject, I have only just to send a telegram to Woolwich, to say that Mr. P. Jones is at that moment passing the Nore, and—by Jove! though, it would be a lark!

On the whole, however, it hardly seems worth while to disturb the serenity of the military authorities, even for the sake of seeing how quickly the guns of the Old Tavern Fort can be manned. Indeed, I should be sorry, quite apart from any question of Mr. P. Jones and his predatory propensities, to have the calm which now envelopes that most Arcadian of strongholds in any way disturbed. I have seen plenty of fortifications in my day. I have seen them in peace time, with the trim sentry pacing briskly up and down the banquette, and Lubin and Phillis making love under the tall trees that fringe the glacis. I have seen them before the battle, with the murderous piles of shot and shell, and the doubled sentries, and the massed blue or green or grey waiting the signal to hurl them at the foe; when the trees, that had waved so gallantly over the green slopes of the trimly-kept grass, have been cut ruthlessly down to grim pointed stumps, and hacked and hewn into stockades and palisades and spiteful spiky abattis; and when Lubin has exchanged his billhook for a rifle, and Phillis stands a little pale, but smart and smiling through her tears, to snatch a last glimpse of him as he marches away. And I have seen them just after the battle, when in truth there has not been much left to see; when scarp and counterscarp have been pounded into a common ruin, and the great guns lie silent here and there among their shattered

carriages; and Phillis, whiter than ever now, but with neither smile nor tear, wanders vaguely over bastion and ravelin, ditch and rampart, searching vainly for the spot where poor dead Lubin told her of his love, ah, how many weary years ago! But there is something about the aspect of this Old Tavern Fort that is altogether new to me—a delicious incongruity, as novel as it is piquant. It is not merely that fort and garden are mixed together, in a happy-go-lucky, sharply-contrasting way, as though the carpenters had struck work in the middle of changing the scene, and left the garden half set and the fort half struck; but both the one and the other appear to be wrapped in a sort of enchanted slumber. The walks are trim, the parterres neatly weeded and full of bloom, the big guns have every morsel of brass-work as brilliantly polished, every scrap of iron as smooth and shining, as though the guard were already turning out to salute the I. G. F. himself on some long-announced visit of inspection. But not a living creature is to be seen save our two selves and one sleek old tabby, who is taking his leisurely way along the very crest of the rampart, jumping one by one the narrow mouths of the embrasures, and stopping every now and then to peer down the silent throat of some big gun, as if to see if it is loaded. As for the guard turning out, there does not appear to be such a thing as a guard, or even a sentry, anywhere. I came in through a private entrance from the Commanding Royal Engineer's office; but I march out by the great gates into the open street, and not a glimpse have I yet seen of her Majesty's uniform, red or blue. And so we go on our way, and leave the quaint little fort basking peacefully in the June sunshine, waiting till that terrible scene-shifter, War, shall come to complete his work. Let us hope that that may not be in our time!

My young companion's aspirations are of a totally different character. His great fear is lest the war should come and go before he shall have worked his way through the "Shop"—by which, as I presently learn, he means Woolwich Academy; whither, as he tells me, he is to go the very first day he is old enough. So deeply has this position of affairs impressed him with the importance of time, that he is quite vexed at my persistence in wasting half an hour over an inspection of Tilbury Fort; which he disrespectfully designates "a mouldy old shop." And certainly it is a

quaint old place enough, as, after crossing the river in the Tilbury ferry, we make our way along the narrow grass-grown road, and past the apple-sided old craft that five-and-twenty years ago was one of our smartest man-o'-war brigs, and now lies quietly in her little muddy creek, as perfectly bygone a specimen of naval architecture as would be the Great Harry herself. She has done her work, though, in her day; and, indeed, is doing it still, though after a rather different pattern, being told off now altogether to pensioner's duty, as barracks for the little corps of coastguards who watch this side of H.M.'s port of Gravesend. I suppose it must be her crew who support the rickety old public-house on the opposite side of the road, bearing the appropriate sign of The World's End. From its appearance it should rather be the haunt of the bold smuggler, and it does not require any very difficult stretch of the imagination to fill its time-blackened old parlour even now with a roaring crew of Drake's or Frobisher's men, having a parting carouse before starting on some wild piratical cruise to the Spanish Main. The idea rather gains upon you as you leave The World's End behind, and, passing along the rear of the little saluting battery—from which, no doubt, were fired those two morning guns whose duplicity so sorely troubled the sense of propriety of Mr. Puff—draw near the quaint old gate, in whose upper story, according to the legend, Good Queen Bess "lay" on her famous visit to the fort. I almost expect to be challenged by the mysterious beef-eater, and am quite prepared to respond to his challenge in blank verse. It is quite a shock when I am confronted at the gate by an unmistakably nineteenth century artilleryman, in smart blue tunic of the very latest cut, and bright new firelock of the very latest pattern.

However, the disillusionment does not last long, though the illusion, when it does return, has changed its character. I follow the road pointed out by the sentry, pass through the tall, old, storied gateway, and find myself in Tilbury Fort certainly; but surely no longer in England, either of the nineteenth century or the sixteenth? Unless my eyes deceive me, I have stepped suddenly into Holland, and this prim little turf-laid square, with its primmer little rows of trees, and primmest little houses, all ready to be taken to pieces and put back again into their box, should be called,

not Tilbury, but Tilburydam. There is the great dyke, serving, as usual, instead of the horizon, with which Nature seems always to have forgotten to furnish a Dutch landscape; and there, up above us, or so it seems, runs the broad stream, along which the stately ships sail on, their tall masts towering high above our heads, to a haven that will certainly not be under any hill, and which, but for that massive and carefully-tended structure, would save all trouble of putting the little green, or trees, or houses back into their box again, by the simple process of burying them full-fathom-five under its savoury waters. It gives one quite an unpleasant sensation of coming back to work after a holiday to follow my energetic young friend on to the banquettes, and to recognise through an embrasure the old familiar pier of Rosherville.

It is a glorious view though that we get a little farther on, as we emerge on the salient angle of one of the old bastions, and look out over the long wide Gravesend Reach to where the dim white masses of Shorne and Coalhouse Forts close in the vista, almost beyond range even of the mighty Infants that are keeping their "Wacht am Thames" all around us. Close up in the foreground lies a huge Government transport, so lightly modelled that you do not recognise her size till the big Indiaman, that is coming slowly up the Reach against the tide under convoy of two sturdy tugs, ranges up alongside her, and dwarfs suddenly from a frigate to a yacht. Astern of her comes a rakish little fruit-schooner, thrashing backwards and forwards across the wide Reach, with every stitch of canvas set and every sheet jammed hard aft, and making no mean progress against tide, and wind to boot, without any aid from steam. Right across her course comes a lumbering North-country brig, yards squared, topgallant sails set, bowling along with a five-knot stream, as saucily as though she too were a racer, and hadn't been within an ace of turning turtle, before she could manage to let fly tacks, sheets, and halliards in that sharp squall half an hour ago, or wasn't just as likely as not to drift bodily on to the Essex bank, when the next turn of the river brings the breeze upon her beam. That great junk-built barge yonder, on whose huge tan-sail the westering sun glows as if it were red-hot, has a more modest sense of his own weatherly qualities, and is creeping steadily towards the opposite

shore, so as to have plenty of sea or rather river-room, when he has to haul his wind. The big, foreign-going steamer, on the other hand, sticks closely to mid-channel, knowing well that the ebb is more than half run out, and not caring to trust his deeply-laden keel too near the bottom. As he nears us he fires up, smothering his furnaces with the dusty scrapings of his exhausted bunkers, and pouring out of his vast red funnels two solid streams of smoke, that for the moment blot out from view the whole wide waterscape. Then gradually he forges past, the brisk breeze sweeps away the sooty cloud, and the sun gleams brightly out once more upon the snowy sails of half-a-dozen tiny yachts, upon the bright red tan of the barge's great spritsail, now mellowing fast in the distance; upon the delicate tracery of the lofty spars and rigging of a big, black clipper, dropping down Australiawards with all her canvas snugly furled; upon the flashing waves that here and there show glancing teeth as white as those of the sea itself, and the broad grey-green expanse of marsh that stretches far away beyond Coalhouse and Shorne, and the scarce discernible site of mud-devoured Cliffe right down to the Nore and the open sea.

And so we make the round of the old fort, and note the thickness of the earthen ramparts, and peer over into the broad deep ditch, hardly to be crossed without pontoons, and take stock of the alterations that have been made to adapt the old works to the big modern guns. And presently we come upon the landward side, and the master gunner, who is conducting us over his domain, rebukes somewhat indignantly the disrespectful tone in which my young friend speaks of the time-honoured old howitzers which still do duty along this front. Whereon, my young friend, as he himself phrases it, "shuts up," indemnifying himself for that act of self-restraint by sundry winks, thrustings of his tongue into his cheek, and other pantomimic demonstration of an entire lack of faith in the worthy official's intellectual capacity. He is in a fever till this part of the day's work shall be over, only relieving his mind by continual scramblings into dangerous or forbidden places, from which he has to be as continually recalled by the master gunner, whose otherwise highly interesting and instructive description of the serious points of technical interest becomes in consequence a little mixed.

At last all has been seen, except the room in the old gateway, in which, as tradition hath it, the virgin queen set up her maiden couch. And here, my young friend fairly kicks. He has seen the fusty old mousetrap of a place half-a-dozen times, and will wait for me down below. It strikes me, as he speaks, that he is not perhaps altogether sorry of an excuse for getting for a few minutes from under the eye of the master gunner, and sure enough, as I return from the royal chamber—a not very regal apartment, some twelve feet square, with a rough boarded floor, two tiny windows, one looking out over the Essex flats, the other along the Reach, with a chimney-piece two or three sizes too large for the room; and with a great crown and rose carved clumsily upon it—the young gentleman is nowhere to be seen. The master gunner shakes his head, opines that, wherever he may be, he is, at all events, pretty sure to be in mischief, and is not in the least surprised when, as we thread our way along the edge of the river-bank towards the little saluting battery, he suddenly emerges, apparently from a drain, with considerable more Thames mud on boots and knickerbockers than, not being thereto licensed by the lord of the manor, he has any legal right to convey away. This, however, troubles him but very little, as indeed would anything else, now we are once fairly on our way towards his pet Coalhouse Fort, some three or four miles off along the marshy river-bank. His whole discourse as we go is of casemates and magazines, traverses and mantlets, scarps and counterscarps, ditches and revetments; till at last, as we actually reach the fort, and make our way slowly from point to point of its grim enceinte, a silence comes upon him, and he follows our new guide without a word, his hands thrust deeply into his knickerbocker pockets, now and then nodding his head as some special feature of interest is pointed out with which he is personally familiar, but for the most part whistling softly to himself, as though fully occupied with his own thoughts and speculations.

He was quite right though, as to this being the place to see for anyone interested in the defence of old Father Thames. There is nothing either quaint or old world at Coalhouse; nothing foreign, except in so far as we are happily accustomed to associate all ideas of military show in its sterner aspects with any country rather than our own. Assuredly there is nothing

in the smallest degree picturesque or pastoral; though of that especial beauty, which art-critics tell us springs necessarily from any thorough adaptation of means to an end, there is enough and to spare. Grim-visaged war has here put on his most business-like front, and if Mr. Paul Jones, or his modern representative, who is himself, I fancy, of a considerably more business-like disposition than his roving predecessor of a hundred years ago, still cherishes any idea of troubling our peerless Pool with any weaker force than, let us say, a squadron of heavily-armed ironclads, he assuredly cannot do better than present his compliments in due form at the Horse Guards, and request permission to follow in our steps. If he will only state the object of his visit, I am quite sure it will be readily granted.

My young friend, still very silently disposed, gives approval of this suggestion as I throw it out casually on our way home, and opines that he would like to have the escorting of Mr. P. Jones on that occasion. Then the conversation flags again, becoming, in fact, little more than a slightly spasmodic monologue, as I try subject after subject in vain hope of setting the young tongue off again on its pleasant career. At last I happen to make some mention of a new description of mantlet, or strong rope-curtain for shielding the gunners from splinters of stonework from the embrasures, to which our attention was attracted in the course of our visit. And then my young friend lays his hand for a moment confidentially on my sleeve, stops dead short in the middle of the path, thrusts his fists to the very bottom of his knickerbocker pockets, and nodding his head, oracularly observes:

"When I am I. G. F. I don't mean to have any embrasures."

I enquire if at that no doubt imminent period he means to have all the guns of the country mounted on the Moncrieff system. Whereon he shakes his head more oracularly still, allowing that Moncrieff was very well in its way. Happy thought, you know; but not good enough.

I remonstrated: "You wouldn't mount them en barbette!"

"Barbette!" The embryo Inspector General of Fortifications does not think it necessary to add another word upon that futile suggestion; replying, instead, to my neat question how he does mean to mount his guns, by the still more striking announcement:

"Don't mean to have any guns either."

And then with an air of quiet conviction, in odd contrast with the somewhat figurative, not to say slangy style of language in which the communication is couched, he confides to me his plan for riverside fortifications. He would have no masonry of any kind, "except revetments under cover, you know, just to keep the blessed earth in its place," no guns, no embrasures, no casemate, no vestige of the whole paraphernalia of the present system—he didn't call it paraphernalia, but the idea was the same—except just a huge parapet, just as thick as ever you pleased. Then right down below the water level, he would have a lot of pipes, like drains you know, only they shouldn't be let fill up with beastly stuff out of the river, like that stupid thing at Tilbury, and through them he'd blaze away at the enemy with Whitehead torpedoes, and if that didn't settle the beggars—Phew! Language failed to convey the incredibility of such a supposition.

And as I hied my way homewards by the Fenchurch Street train from Tilburydam, I speculated somewhat curiously in my own unprofessional mind as to the possibilities of such a scheme. There is something about it which seems, perhaps, to smack a little of M. Jules Verne and the Voyage to the Moon. And yet there is a fascination about it. Perhaps if there really be anything in the notion, some enterprising military authority will give it a trial without waiting for the appointment of my ingenious young friend as "I. G. F."

Of one thing, however, it is pleasant to feel that this little tour of inspection has made me tolerably confident, even should Master Knickerbocker change his view, before arriving at that dignity, and guns and parapets, casemates and embrasures, remain unsuperseeded by under-water drains and invisible torpedoes to the end of time. Let the great case of Jones v. Bull come to trial when it may, if the venue be laid anywhere in the neighbourhood of Coalhouse, or Shorne, Tilburydam, or The Old Tavern, I, at all events, shall "go my pile" on the case for the defence.

THE CLOUD.

THE cloud lay low in the heavens,
Such a little cloud it seemed;
Just lightly touching the sea's broad breast,
Where the rose-light lingered across the west,
Soft and grey as in innocent rest,
While the gold athwart it gleamed.

It looked such a harmless cloudlet,
Seen over the sleeping wave.
Yet the keen-eyed mariner shook his head,
As slowly it crept o'er the dusky red.
"See the rocket-lines are clear," he said,
And his lips set stern and grave.

And o'er the eve was midnight,
That cloud was lowering black.
Dimming the light of the stars away,
Dimming the flash of the furious spray,
As the breakers crashed in the northern bay;
Winds howling on their track.

So, in life's radiant morning,
May a tiny care or cross
Just trouble the peaceful course of love,
As if the strength of its way to prove,
As if to whisper. My surface may move,
But my roots can laugh at loss.

It may seem such a little jarring,
Only Experience sighs,
For with time's sad learning to sharpen the glance,
He sees the "rift in the lute" advance,
Knows how fate may seize upon circumstance
To sever the closest ties.

Ah me, in the fiercest tempest
The life-boat its work may do;
But what can courage or skill avail,
When the heart lies wrecked by Passions' gale.
When change or death have furi'd the sail,
When treason has bribed the crew?

Then watch, oh hope and gladness,
Watch for the rising cloud.
Sun it away, frank warmth of youth,
Blow it away, bright breeze of truth,
For oh, there is neither mercy or ruth,
Should it once your heaven enshroud.

AMONG THE DUKERIES.

WHY do they always call it something else? When I say they, I mean the privileged persons who, in the slang of the day, are "in it." Persons who pass an unwept, unhonoured, and unsung existence outside of the mystic and very queerly-defined barrier, call persons and places by such names as the spelling thereof indicates; but those "in it" scorn such plebeian plain-sailing. For instance, I am writing these lines in a cosy sitting-room in that most comfortable of inns or hotels, The Lion, at—but there is the rub—or rather, would be if I were speaking instead of writing. Maps of England, of the county of Nottingham, and of the so-called "Dukeries;" geographies, and gazetteers; the unapproachable Bradshaw, who erreth not; the railway clerk at King's Cross; and mine host of The Lion, all agree that the place wherein I am now "located," rather than domiciled, is Worksop, Work-sop, W-o-r-k-s-o-p; but the testimony of all these is but a small matter, for a young friend of mine who is "in it" assures me that the original local pronunciation, and the only one sanctioned by society is "Wussup;" to wander from

which, into the vulgarity of following the spelling, is to sink to the level of the unconsidered millions who are not "in it." I am sure my young friend must be right, for it is ever thus with proper names in this great and free country, where it is well known that a coronet lurks at the bottom of every board-schoolboy's satchel. I know, although hardly a rose myself, but from long dwelling in the neighbourhood of that noble flower, that there are many names which, like "Wussup," act as shibboleths in county and general society. I would not for a "silver groat," whatever the precise purchasing power of that coin may have been, pronounce Althorp in the hearing of old Lady Stagmore, whose belongings are in Northamptonshire, otherwise than as Olltrop; any more than in Mrs. MacTreacle's drawing-room I would speak the honoured name of Dalziel, or Dalyell, other than as DL. I am aware, too, that Ker, with only one "r" at the end, spells Karr, and that it is death to speak of an eminent Conservative peer by any name but Aberghenny. These instances, like the better-known Majoribanks, St. John, and Cholmondeley, are only a few of the pitfalls spread for intruders from the outer world—if it can be called a world at all—into that charmed region, not knowing which is to argue oneself unknown.

Having, as my friend, General Melchizedek S. Slocum, of Kansas City, would say, "gotten through" with the pronunciation of Worksop, it remains for me to descant upon the many glories of that pleasant town, famous like Newark-upon-Trent for its malt. The price of barley, and the state of the weather as affecting that crop, are the chief topics of interest at Worksop with all the inhabitants, save and except that most learned and amiable of bibliophiles and antiquaries, Mr. Robert White, whose library is hard-by that quaintest and oldest of houses, The Old Ship, a veritable inn of the olden time, with its gables and low-browed room, with lofty wooden screen to keep the draught of air from those bent on refreshing the inner man by sitting on long benches, and silently quaffing the good ale of Nottinghamshire. To those accustomed to crown the wine-cup, metaphorically at least, with roses, and to consume silky claret and odorous hock with the accompaniment of merry and witty, if not particularly wise, conversation, the pleasure of sitting down

and stolidly drinking ale may not appear of a particularly enthralling kind; but to maltsters and others engaged all day at hard work it appears to suffice passing well. They are not clamorous over their tankards, these good fellows; they are tired, mayhap, and find infinite solace in the consumption of malt liquor and tobacco, enlivened by a chance word now and then concerning the falling off of things since the great house at Clumber was closed. Worksop may be called the capital of the dukeries, if such aristocratic domains would consent to own a capital, for it is situate almost in their midst, and The Lion is much sought by travellers from the United States, who hold these hunting grounds of the English aristocracy in special affection, perhaps because there is nothing like the dukeries in the United States, where a park is held to mean anything between the green enclosure in Union Square, New York, and a reservation of a few thousand square miles in the Far West. The great parks and estates known as the Nottinghamshire Dukeries, owe their origin in great part to that enterprising woman, Bess of Hardwick, whose capacity for acquiring property was only equalled by her tenacity in holding on to it when acquired. This dame and her descendants succeeded in cutting and carving up among them a very considerable part of the ancient forest known as "Merrie Sherwood." Tough old Bess of Hardwick's progeny showed equal acquisitive power to that of their great ancestress; but in tenacity the grim, pale-faced old woman with the sharp profile, who now looks out of the canvas at Hardwick Hall with the eager glance of a bird of prey, was far superior to them. They had the will and the power to clutch, but many of them have shown a curious alacrity in letting go again. Thus it falls out that the dukery district of North Nottinghamshire is less infested with dukes than of old. Kiveton Hall, the original seat of the Osbornes, afterwards Godolphin-Osbornes and Dukes of Leeds, has vanished altogether, and, according to a legend of the country-side, in a curious manner. The Osbornes' family history is full of romance. Everybody—I mean, of course, everybody who reads the works of Sir Bernard Burke with the attention which their sublime subject merits—is aware of the story of the younger son of a Kentish squire, who, apprenticed to a London merchant, made his fortune by a

lucky plunge into the Thames after his master's daughter, who very properly fell in love with and married the future Lord Mayor of London. This fortunate Osborne was the founder of a race, from which sprang that clever baronet who grew, in the troubled times of the revolution, successively into Baron Osborne of Kiveton, Viscount Latimer of Danby, Earl of Danby, Marquis of Carmarthen, Duke of Leeds, and Knight of the Garter. As the early steps of preferment were conquered in the reign of Charles the Second, and the final glory of strawberry-leaves, stars, and garters under William, it must be confessed that the "Danby" who figures largely in the history of the time, must have been an astute politician, who would have shuddered could he have foreseen the ultimate fate of his roof-tree. Kiveton—according to the story told in ingle-nooks over potent ale—was pulled down years and years ago to escape the consequences of a disastrous wager, according to which a large sum of money was to be paid annually to the winner "as long as Kiveton Hall stood." The unfortunate holder of that property, seeing that he had no choice between beggary and the sacrifice of his house, made up his mind and pulled the old place down, so that not one stone remained upon another. Kiveton has therefore slipped out of its place among the dukeries, among which were originally included Clumber, Thoresby, Welbeck, and Worksop Manor; but of those four only one is actually inhabited by a duke—to wit, Welbeck.

The great ring of the dukeries may be said to commence with Worksop Manor, once the property of the Furnivals, Lords of Worksop, and then of the Dukes of Norfolk, until purchased in 1840 by the "old" Duke of Newcastle, who, possessed of Clumber, was desirous of increasing his already broad acres in Nottinghamshire. This was the Duke of Newcastle who had scant reason to love the town-folk of Nottingham itself. In the stormy days just before the first Reform Bill was passed, and Old Sarum, Gatton, and West Looe disfranchised, this "old" Duke of Newcastle had boldly stated his opinion as concerning rotten boroughs and other things, that a man, and more especially a nobleman, had a right "to do what he liked with his own." This careless utterance brought about the destruction of Nottingham Castle, the account for which was duly brought against the county by the duke himself, in memory whereof

the model of the castle in its damaged condition may yet be seen.

Worksop Manor is but just outside of the town, in the most delightful of sylvan situations. It is agreeable to stroll of an early summer's morning past the cornfields lying on the fringe of the park, to the gateway which admits all and every to the leafy screen of the greenest of groves. Sherwood Forest may well be called Birdland, for every bush is musical. In the cool morning hours, too, the so-called "merry brown hares" are sporting themselves among the green corn, and sit up, looking inquisitively at the intruder. Doubtless, the hares enjoy their food, but I—sceptic as I am—am not disinclined to doubt that wild, and, in one month, insane hilarity with which they are credited. So far as my personal observation in the eastern, western, southern, and midland counties of England is concerned, the hare is not a festive animal, nor does he become a mad wag in March. I am inclined, on the whole, to think that the curiously-built creature, variously known as "Puss" and "Poor Wat," is a serious beast, taking the responsibilities of life much more gravely than the rabbit. The latter joyous quadruped, either from the confidence inspired by the neighbourhood of his burrow, or from some other cause—perhaps because his sentinels are properly posted—always appears far happier than the hare, who has nothing to confide in but his fleetness, and, living in the open, is perpetually liable to attack. Hence that restless vigilance, which conveys to me a precisely opposite idea to that of merriment. Rabbits and hares are abundant in the dukeries, and the latter are curiously frequent at Worksop and the Sherwood region generally, the enormously tall bracken affording splendid cover. Where rabbits are there will be foxes, and strange stories are told of the numerical strength of Reynard in the forest. One of the oldest inhabitants assures me that he has at one time seen as many as six great dog-foxes spring out of a covert, and make off with that beautiful loping gait peculiar to the craftiest and handsomest of our carnivora. Badgers, too, lurk in the deep dells; otters haunt the Maun and other streamlets; and the great wealth of furred and feathered game attracts the prowling weasel, stoat, and polecat. Few animals, to the unprejudiced observer, are prettier than these congeners

of the precious sable. Their movements are inexpressibly lithe and graceful, and their bright, cruel eyes have a peculiar lustre. As I saunter along the Druid's Temple or the Lover's Walk—I don't quite know which it is, but a lovely dell, rich with underwood, and so screened aloft that only rare patches of sky are to be seen—some half-dozen of those beautiful little beasts, which are proverbially never caught asleep, turn round to look upon me, showing their white throats and twisting their bodies with serpent-like ease. As I have no hen-roosts of my own within a hundred miles of Worksop, I am vastly interested in these weasels, and I reverence also the stoat, as the happy animal privileged to supply the ermine and miniver of ineffable personages. Nearer dwellers to Sherwood, however, look upon the lesser carnivora much as a border settler does upon a Red Indian. They can see no beauty in the truculent little animals, ever on the watch for a stray chick or duckling, and more difficult to guard against than the crafty fox, whose greater size keeps him out of a certain kind of mischief.

Through Worksop Manor, now let to Mr. Cookson, the path is of exceeding beauty, albeit the house, like that of every dukery, has little historic interest. Old Worksop Manor House, said to have contained five hundred rooms, was commenced before the middle of the fifteenth century by the first Earl of Shrewsbury, the puissant Talbot, who after long and valiant service in the French wars, was taken prisoner at Patay, it is said by the army commanded by the now somewhat dim if not mythical Maid of Orleans. This gallant soldier acquired Worksop by marriage, he having espoused the daughter of Thomas Nevil, Lord Furnival. The edifice commenced by "Shakespeare's Talbot" was not completed till the time of the poet himself, when Bess of Hardwick, having married the sixth Earl of Shrewsbury as her fourth husband, put the finishing touch to his house at Worksop before she buried him. In 1761 this grand structure was burnt to the ground, with a magnificent collection of books, pictures, and statues, and was succeeded by a mansion so nobly planned that when one quarter of it was completed the proprietor judged it sufficiently large for all purposes of use or splendour. No sooner had the Duke of Newcastle bought it than he began to pull it down. Subsequently it was repaired and used as a dwelling by

Lord Foley, but has no value of an architectural or archaeological kind. As I pass down the shaded pathway and emerge into the roadway which divides Worksop Manor from Welbeck, I become aware of the opening of the Welbeck tunnel, a remarkable structure made at enormous cost by the present Duke of Portland, presumably for the purpose of preventing any plebeian figure from offending ducal eyes by walking on the surface of the ducal domain. There is a right of way crossing Worksop Manor and passing through Welbeck to Holbeck and Whitwell, and as this right could not be contested, the droll idea was hit upon of covering up the accursed path. As I enter the tunnel, and recognise its admirable workmanship and costly apparatus for lighting, I am not quite sure whether I ought to laugh or be angry. At first wonder and amusement prevail, and I examine the costly result of a childish whim with curiosity; but as the damp strikes chilly on limbs heated by a long walk, I mutter anything but blessings on its builder. For it is a mile and a half long, this detestable tunnel—gravelike within, but without, as I happen to know, emerald green with turf and purple with rhododendrons. As I stride vengefully on I wonder how far any peer—"Highland or Lowland, far or near"—is entitled to inter, as it were, a right of way across his property, and to consign me to a catacomb, when the law gives me the privilege of walking across a park, enjoying the light of the sun and the sweet summer breeze! Would the tutelary genius of Sherwood, Robin Hood, have tamely endured this indignity, and why do his degenerate descendants pass it by with a smile? Mayhap, the liberally-distributed venison of Welbeck soothes the stomach of village Hampdens, and the vast sums of money lavished on the buildings at the Abbey are accepted in condonation of a contemptuous violation of the rights of the countryside.

Chilled in body, but heated in temper, I emerge once more into the sunshine at the far end of the tunnel, and past smiling meadows and waving cornfields, make for that part of merrie Sherwood which yet remains untouched by the woodman's axe, an oasis, as it were, of the forest primeval in the very heart of busy England. Under the names of Birklands and Bilhagh, here is a delicious wilderness of oak and ash, beech and birch, with rich undergrowth of bracken, wild raspberry, and dog-rose, with

patches of fragrant gorse, graceful broom, white and purple heather in the more open spaces. Squirrels run nimbly up the tree trunks, and turn their pretty heads to gaze upon the intruder; countless finches flit from bough to bough; and a mighty army of jackdaws—or "jacks," as they are called here—keep up a solemn cawing. The hollow limbs of the ancient oaks are peculiarly agreeable to the jackdaw—a sociable bird withal, only taking up with lonely church steeples in default of comfortable hollow trees and the company of his kind. As the smaller carnivora abound on terra firma, so do lordly falcons and the shorter-winged hawks scour the air in quest of prey, and the brilliant kingfisher haunt the streams. Birklands is a genuine bit of old England, dear to the zoologist and ornithologist, and a mine to the entomologist. It is a paradise of forest and forest life, full of unspeakable charm to the eye sated with trim gardens and lordly avenues. Nowhere, within easy reach of great towns, is such wealth of oaks with their beautiful light-green foliage, and limbs strangely gnarled and twisted by the tempest. Here is the magnificent Major oak and the so-called Shambles oak, on which stolen forest mutton was hung to be dressed. Near these venerable patriarchs of the forest are groups of graceful birches, like wood-nymphs robed in silver-gauze, treading a measure while their seniors look quietly on. Their carpet is deep and soft, formed of the débris of thousands of generations of ferns; their music abundant, for the air is full of melody.

On the southern margin of this beautiful forest is the village of Edwinstowe—the ideal of a woodland village, with church spire springing high above an ocean of leafage. Greatly helped by the refreshment at the village inn—which may or may not mark the spot where Edwin, King of Northumbria, fell in battle twelve centuries and a half ago—I make for Thoresby, driving pleasantly along through Bilhagh towards that most beautiful of parks. Thoresby, like Worksop, may be styled a disfranchised dukery, for it is now the property of Earl Manvers—a Pierrepont, but not a descendant of the Duke of Kingston, whose name made some noise in the world a little more than a hundred years ago. Old Thoresby—the house in which Lady Mary Wortley Montague was born—was burnt in 1745, and the sumptuous, but hideous mansion, built in its

place by the late Duke of Kingston, has recently been taken down to make way for the handsome house which looks on one of the prettiest bits of park scenery in the world. The dwelling last abolished sheltered in its time two notable persons, one of whom was a friend, and the other something more, of the Duke of Kingston just mentioned.

The celebrated Corsican patriot, Pascal Paoli—Bosworth's Paoli—found a home at Thoresby; as did, during the lifetime of her supposed husband, "the Chudleigh," really Countess of Bristol, and the most audacious bigamist that ever wore the coronet of a peeress. All the strange story of this most extraordinary of maids of honour, who, a quarter of a century after her private marriage with Captain Hervey—who afterwards became Earl of Bristol—married Evelyn Pierrepont, Duke of Kingston, her husband being alive at the time, may be traced in the letters of Walpole, who hated her, and rarely wrote of her save as "the Chudleigh." So far as can be learned from Walpole and others, she married her first husband out of downright rage and disappointment at missing so great a match as the Duke of Hamilton, but insisted on the marriage being kept a profound secret, and retained her post as maid of honour, scandalising meanwhile the not very squeamish courtiers of the period by openly encouraging the attentions of the Duke of Kingston, and by appearing at a masquerade in such a costume as the most intrepid of modern ballet-girls would shudder at. There is yet extant a droll pamphlet, embellished with a portrait of Miss Chudleigh in the airy costume referred to. The letter-press was, or purports to have been, written by the valet of the Duke of Kingston, and gives rise to some curious thoughts as to what would be the effect upon the posthumous renown of heroes and heroines if their lives were written by their valets de chambre. There is another work of this kind written by the femme de chambre of Madame de Pompadour, strange enough in its revelations of the inner palace life of Louis the Fifteenth; but inasmuch as the writer was a species of impecunious gentlewoman, and did not hate her mistress, it is less remarkable for brutal candour than the pamphlet written by the Duke of Kingston's valet, after his dismissal from his master's service at the instance of his mistress. In every line the spite of the

author peeps out, especially when he hints at her grace's unholy and immoderate love for Madeira. So far as can be gathered, she led the unhappy duke a terrible life until he, seeing nothing better to be done under the circumstances, died, and was buried out of the way, after four years of married life. The trial of his relit for bigamy was a cause célèbre, which afforded infinite scope to the scandal-mongers of the period; but although her marriage was declared illegal, she escaped punishment for bigamy by pleading her "privilege as a peeress," a claim which for some inscrutable reason was allowed, and she died a few years afterwards abroad, almost in the odour of sanctity.

Actually next door to Thoresby is magnificent Clumber, a park superbly wooded and abounding in varied foliage. As I drive past thickets of rhododendrons and shrubs of every kind, past plantations of beech and Spanish chestnut, the rabbits scutter away in all directions towards the holes with which the sandy soil is honey-combed. Clumber, the seat of the Dukes of Newcastle, is now in the hands of trustees, and has a look of faded grandeur despite the wealth of art hidden within its not very symmetrical walls. It may be said to be a dukery in abeyance, but the splendid collection of pictures is yet to be seen, and the library is open to scholars. The oddest thing about Clumber and the dukeries generally, saving Thoresby, is the hideousness of the houses externally. During the last century, and at the beginning of the present, a degenerate classical style influenced the minds of architects, and deformed many of the most beautiful spots in England with ghastly edifices. Probably the generation which built Regent Street thought them beautiful enough, and imagined a vile imitation of an Italian palazzo well placed among English woodland scenery. Worse than this, it was considered tasteful to drop down a stone or stucco temple here and there in the grounds, in a meaningless kind of way. Nothing is more depressing than to come plump upon one of these edifices, with its pale distraught look, as if it wondered how it got there, and was anxious to find its way back to its native land. It must be confessed that—bating his objectionable tunnel—the works completed by the Duke of Portland are free from the reproach of bad taste; the lodges and other buildings being well designed and magnificently executed. Per-

haps Welbeck Abbey is hopeless, beyond reform and restoration, but great efforts have been made to render it handsome; and if not picturesque, it is at least luxurious, and curious with its strange underground passages and apartments; but Clumber is awful in its dull heaviness and want of outline. It is, after all, nature that is to be sought among the dukeries; the splendour of varied foliage; the truly English verdure and freshness of every scene; the feathery splendour of gigantic ferns; the sweet perfume of heather and gorse; the play of sunlight on the open glades, across which the stately hart, the lusty fallow-buck, and the dainty roe flash like a dream of grace and beauty; the soft murmur of the streamlet, and the placid repose of the lake, the merry scamper of the rabbit, the sharp cry of the fox, and the full choir of multitudinous birds.

SOME NEW USES OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

If you have a chance of learning photography, do. Not that you may swell the number of those amateurs who fill their friends' albums with hideous groups—your amateur is seldom content with a single face; it takes him so much trouble to arrange his apparatus, and make his chemicals work properly, that he thinks nothing less than a group can repay him—but that you may be able to help yourself and the public in whatever business or profession you may have chosen. For there is scarcely a trade, except that of public speaking, which is not directly or indirectly helped by photography. Doctors, astronomers, engravers, architects, map-drawers, surveyors, are all indebted to this art.

Not only does photography reproduce, with absolute perfection, details which the most scrupulous eye-work could not trace without errors, but it actually sees what is invisible; the sensitive plate receives impressions which altogether escape the human eye. Thus, a French ambassador in Greece, Baron Gros, who used to amuse himself with photography, took one day a view of the Acropolis. He never looked at it again till he was back in Paris; and then, examining it with the microscope, he was astonished to find on a stone in the foreground the figure of a lion, devouring a serpent, in the very earliest style of Greek art. Here was something which none of the antiquarians, who have counted every

stone in the old temple of Pallas Athene, had ever noticed; the sun had found it out, and the Frenchman's photograph had made it evident to the eyes of men. It is the same with MSS. The parts that have through age and damp become illegible, stand out in the photographic copy as strongly marked as the rest. Ink gets yellow with time; the peroxide of iron, which gives it its colouring, is gradually oxidised until even a magnifying-glass can trace nothing on the parchment; but the chemical effect remains; the ink, which has become invisible, still has power to diminish the susceptibility to light of those parts on which it was laid; and so the writing, which had long since disappeared, comes out black and legible by the aid of the camera.

This use of photography is very valuable to the classical scholar. It gives him a chance of recovering the MSS. of Greek and Roman authors, whose works were supposed to have perished. Besides the burning of libraries like that of Alexandria, and the natural decay when rolls of parchments were stored for safety in damp cellars, there was, all through the dark ages, a cruel custom of taking classical MSS. and using the parchment up again, after rubbing off the ink as far as possible with pumice-stone. Thus, if a new account-book was wanted, and the monastery funds were low, instead of buying a few new skins, brother Paulus, sub-prior and bursar, thought he was doing a very clever thing by diving into the library and picking out a volume containing, perhaps, the now lost books of Livy; perhaps half-a-dozen Greek plays—anything, except, of course, the writings of the fathers and those of Aristotle, whom, somehow, the mediæval schoolmen had come to look upon with as much reverence as if he had been a father of the Church. The said volume was handed over to a serving-brother, who washed it, pumiced it, and got rid as wholly as he could of the ungodly writing which it was a pious work to render illegible. This sort of thing went on most vigorously just before the discovery or introduction from the East of paper-making; for, of course, as civilisation advanced, the uses of parchment and vellum multiplied much more rapidly than sheep and calves did. So it comes to pass that in almost every monastery there are some of these palimpsests, i.e. rescraped parchments, on which bills and expenses, or monastic and theological rubbish, covers

something for which scholars have perhaps long been vainly searching. Such palimpsests have hitherto been treated with acids of various kinds to get rid of the new ink, and then dipped in a solution of tannin to bring out, if possible, the old writing. All this washing, however, too often had the effect of, making the whole hopelessly illegible; whereas photography does away with the need of it. In the sun picture the effaced original comes out often as clearly as that which was written afterwards; and then, of course, it is no very difficult task to read between the lines. But this application of photography is useful, not to the scholar only, but to the statesman, or merchant, or special correspondent, or to anyone who wants to send letters that nobody else can read. If you write with a solution of sulphate of quinine, the paper will look like a blank sheet over which a fly has traced a few very faint marks; you may safely send it even by way of the Russian headquarters, unless indeed there is a photographer there who knows the secret. In that case he has only to take a sun copy of your seemingly blank sheet, and what you wrote becomes as legible as the old "sympathetic ink" of our grandmothers used to when held before the fire. Bankers, too, may sometimes find it convenient to have doubtful cheques photographed. However carefully the original amount may have been washed out, the sun will bring it up again to the confusion of the forger. As for doctors, it may be worth their while now and then to photograph their patients when they suspect there is any eruptive disease not yet visible. Mr. H. Vogel, of Berlin, cites the case of a lady who had always (as the phrase is) "taken well." She "came out" one day all over little black spots. The photographer was blamed—his chemicals must have been bad, or the plate could not have been properly cleaned. Two days later, however, it became clear that the lady had small-pox; in fact, she died of it soon after. Yellow, as everyone knows, comes out black in the sun-picture, so her face must have been covered with very faint yellow spots before any eye could trace the least mark upon the skin.

But, besides bringing out the invisible, photography helps doctors to study at their ease that which is with difficulty visible. Everyone who has been to a "specialist"—a doctor who has made one organ his study—knows that there are instruments for looking into certain parts of

the human body. Thus there is an ophthalmoscope for inspecting the interior of the eye, a laryngoscope for looking into the throat, an otoscope for examining the ear, and many others. For the individual case, the eye of the operator is of course enough; he needs only to look and act, just as your dentist looks into a little mirror, awkwardly forced into your mouth, when he is preparing to stop a tooth. But the peculiarities of one case, faithfully reproduced, may be of the greatest value in dealing with other like cases, as well as in training young doctors. Hence it is suggested that a dark chamber should be added to these various "scopes," so as to obtain a photograph of what they give an insight into.

How this may quite readily be done it is rather difficult to explain, but if anyone will go to Kew or to Greenwich, and look at the barographs, thermographs, magnetographs, and other like instruments for registering by photography the rise and fall of the mercury in barometer and thermometer, and the continual variations of the magnet, he will see how it may be managed. In all these there is an apparatus with a system of lenses for catching a ray of light from the top of the column of mercury, or from the point of the magnet, as the case may be; and there is a sheet of sensitive paper which, unrolled by clockwork, is passed under the influence of the luminous point. The sensitive paper is, of course, kept in a dark chamber, through a narrow chink in which the ray caught from the mercury or the magnet is brought to bear on it, leaving its mark in a wavy line, the curves of which show the variations which it is desired to put on record. For this invention Sir Francis Ronalds and Mr. Brooke got the Government prize of five hundred pounds for "the best plan to save labour in taking long series of observations." What that labour is may be judged even by those who have tried such a simple thing as keeping a rain-gauge. Women can do it better than men, says Professor Piazzi Smith, whose wife took the careful sets of observations for determining the moisture, dew point, &c., at various points up the Peak of Teneriffe; you see it is something like work in a sick room, going to look at your instrument every half-hour exactly, just as sometimes it is needful to give a patient a spoonful of drink at the like interval. But even women's patience has a limit; and the

photographic registers record not the variations of each quarter or half hour, but the changes as they go on continuously. The laryngoscope has been provided with a photographic register by its inventor, the late Dr. Czermak, of Leipsic; and M. Marcy, a French doctor, has applied the same kind of arrangement to the sphygmograph, or instrument for measuring the beatings of the pulse. The ordinary sphygmograph registers the pulsation by means of a pencil adjusted to the longer arm of a lever, of which the shorter arm is moved up and down by the pulse itself. The variations are thus magnified, and so made more visible to the eye. Put instead of the pencil a black screen pierced with a minute hole, and let the light through this hole be caught on a moving band of sensitive paper, and you will get a photograph of the movements of the pulse. In the same way the play of the muscles, the variations in temperature of the blood, may all be described in a series of curves like those weather-curves that we now see hung up in almost every public room. To the onlooker all this may seem merely ingenious trifling; but scientific men know better. One instance in which such investigations have already borne fruit is the muscular mechanism which is set going by the different passions. Dr. Duchenne, of Boulogne, got up artificial changes in expression by galvanising the various small muscles which lie beneath the skin of the face. He had the expressions corresponding to each galvanic shock photographed, and thereby found out what set of muscles is at the service of each several passion. It was the sight of his photographs which led Mr. Darwin into the line of thought, which resulted in his book on *The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals*.

One of the great uses of photography is to give an accurate notion of the conformation of mountain districts. Those raised maps of Switzerland could never be much more than guess-work as to everything except the broadest features, had not every corner of the Alps been photographed with the special view of learning all about the physical geography of the country. The patient photographer gets his baggage (lightened by the substitution of waxed paper for collodion plates) taken to a peak from two thousand five hundred, to three thousand five hundred yards high; that is found the best

height for showing the direction of the valleys. He begins at seven A.M., and sets his apparatus to the north; then he goes to the west, and so on. By midday he has reached the east, which quarter of the horizon is then lighted in the least unfavourable manner.

The dry process, by-the-way, dispensing with the tent, the bath, &c., and substituting for collodion glass paper prepared with gelatine and bromide of silver, is invaluable for the traveller. Under the old system, if he was separated from his tent, he was helpless. A Frenchman, sent out expressly to take photographs on the Upper Nile, lost his tent in Soudan, and was therefore unable to take a single view all the way down to Khartoum.

Map-making by photography has in France been substituted several times for the ordinary methods of survey. Of course such maps are absolutely perfect, supposing the necessary calculations required in piecing together the different views are correctly made. This is a troublesome affair; a map of the environs of Grenoble, embracing about twelve square miles, required twenty-nine views taken from eighteen stations.

M. Chevalier has, however, invented a much more rapid method, whereby two views—panoramic—one supplementing the other, are sufficient. They are taken by means of a cylindrical "dark chamber," with a very narrow vertical slit in it. The cylinder revolves slowly round a vertical axis, and by means of a reflecting prism the image of the landscape is thrown on a circular sensitive plate at the base of the cylinder. The French hope for great results from this method applied to military map-drawing. They certainly have a good deal to learn in that direction, unless they have vastly improved since the late war, in which the Prussians knew France perfectly, while there was scarcely a French general who did not blunder grievously, owing to total ignorance of the geography of his own country. One can readily imagine how the labour of copying and reducing to scale is lessened by photography. In this way a rare map may be copied in a couple of hours. No wonder most of the European war-offices have their photographic department. Its usefulness is not confined to map-drawing; they can even take instantaneous photographs of the trajectories or curves described by shells and cannon-balls.

We have spoken already of the photo-

graphic weather-registers, which, as it were, write down in shorthand all changes of climate from moment to moment. Curves of this kind, appealing to the eye, are much more easily understood than tables of figures. Besides, they speak a language common to all the world; while, unfortunately, some civilised nations reckon in inches and lines, others in millimètres; some mark their instruments on Fahrenheit's system, others according to Réaumur, others on the centigrade plan. A celebrated physicist becomes quite enthusiastic when speaking of the value of these registers as compared with the most zealous and unwearied human observers. "You can't tire them out," says he. "Monotony is their element, regularity the condition of their existence. Just wind up your observer and set him going, and there he remains at his post, night and day, heat or cold; his eye is always clear, his hand firm. He never dozes, nor goes off into a brown study. He never thinks, as some unconscious observers do, of fabricating imaginary observations to fill up the gaps which were made while he was snoozing." In this way not only the temperature, but the electrical condition, the moisture, &c., of the atmosphere, may be registered, and are registered at Kew and elsewhere. One of the strangest applications of the principle is that whereby Dr. Neumeyer, head of the hydrographic department at Berlin, has been able to photograph both the course of submarine currents and also the temperature of the sea at different depths. A thermometer and a compass shut up in a brass box are sunk with the sounding-lead. There is the usual revolving roll of sensitive paper, and the light thrown on it is violet (caused by passing a series of electrical sparks through rarefied nitrogen), and travels down a Geissler's tube. A sort of rudder attached to the box keeps the compass in the line of the current.

A very simple application of photography has lately enabled Dr. Forel to determine from day to day the clearness of the waters of the Lake of Geneva. The lake, it is well known, is very turbid in summer, very clear in winter; and the change comes on sometimes in a single day. You only have to sink sensitive paper to a certain depth, and then compare the different shades, deeper or lighter, according as the water is clearer or less transparent. In February you must go to more than a hundred yards to get the same

effect which in July is produced at fifty yards.

Even spectrum analysis is helped by photography—dark lines, wholly inappreciable by the eye, are thereby discovered in the violet rays. Some of us have seen a gas-jet vibrating in unison with a musical note, and have been shown how, by catching it in a revolving mirror, the jet may be turned into a scalloped ribbon of flame. This ribbon has been photographed—cyanogen, which gives a violet light, being substituted for common gas. In somewhat the same way the vibration of musical strings may be recorded photographically.

One word about the autotypes now so common in illustrated books. All these depend on the fact that gelatine mixed with bichromate of potassium becomes as it were tanned by the action of the sun's rays. It is no longer soluble, does not swell in cold water, and takes printer's ink. But where it has been kept from the action of light it swells in water, and will not take printer's ink. Hence a ready mode of procedure. Mix your bichromatised gelatine with any colouring matter—powdered charcoal, for instance—and the parts on which the light acts will retain their colour, while all trace of it may be washed out of the other parts of the mixture. A sheet of paper covered with gelatine and charcoal-powder is first rendered sensitive by a bath of bichromate of potassium. The negative is then fastened on it, and it is ready for use in the camera. To develop the picture, the sheet must be steeped in warm water. All the gelatine will be washed out of those parts which the shadows of the negative have protected against the action of the sun, and which correspond to the light parts of the real object. In this way a positive is obtained, the raised parts of which are hard enough to make an impression on lead or on printers' metal; so that moulds may be taken by simple pressure, if it is not convenient to take them by the usual electrotype process. In this way the perfect accuracy of a photograph is combined with the durability of stereotype. These photographic processes are due to our countryman Mr. Goodbury. There are also processes called photolithography, whereby the impression is worked off more directly from the photograph itself; but these have not yet been brought to perfection. The grease of printers' ink makes it difficult to print directly from the photographic plate, as anyone can understand who

remembers that the surest way to spoil a photograph is to touch it with greasy fingers.

The camera is also a wonderful help to the microscope. It saves the eyes. And nothing is more fatiguing than to use the microscope for any length of time; especially when one has to draw figures of what it discloses. Moreover, two stereoscopic views make it possible to present the magnified object in its natural form, whereas with the unassisted eye it is very difficult to get anything but a flattened picture of it. Lastly, when the microscopic photographs are reproduced in a magnified form, details come out which had wholly escaped the observer. As we found in other cases, the sensitive plate sees things which the eye cannot see, even when helped by the microscope. Of course photography may be, and is, applied to diminish as well as to magnify. You may photograph a folio so that it may be put in a nutshell; nay, if there were any advantage in it, all the books in the British Museum might be so reproduced as to be packed in a chest of drawers.

One thing still baffles the photographer: the permanent reproduction of the colours of the object photographed. We say permanent, for Mr. Becquerel has reproduced them on an iodised plate, treated with salts of silver; but neither he, nor the others who are working in the same direction, have as yet succeeded in fixing the coloured image. You can easily get negatives which will give red, blue, or yellow impressions by interposing respectively a green, orange, or violet screen—those colours stopping the red, blue, and yellow rays—but this is not of very much use; so we end as we began: "Learn photography if you have the chance. Who knows but you may hit upon the mode of fixing the colours of things as we see them?"

GEORGIE'S WOOR.

A STORY IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XII.

THERE can be no doubt that the performance of the feat called "breaking down" is at all times a vast mistake, and one to be of all things avoided if possible.

To break down in health, in spirits, in purse, or in an undertaking, is generally a calamity not only to ourselves, but to those about us also, since no one ever

broke down in any way whatsoever without entailing an immense amount of discomfort upon some other person or persons, who thereupon feel that they have a right to mourn over so-and-so having so little "determination," or so little "self-control," or so little "pluck," as the case may be.

Thus, on the afternoon subsequent to Captain Ainsleigh's visit to Beach House, there can be no manner of doubt that Georgie broke down most lamentably, and the love-birds held that they had two serious causes of complaint against the state of things in general.

First and foremost, they had in some way or other picked up the information that Shag was to become the property of "the little old gentlepin with windows in his eyes" (by which description the Sheeling banker would certainly have had some difficulty in recognising himself); and, secondly, Sister was ill, so said Nurse Hughes, and couldn't go out with them, or tell them stories, or be at their beck and call as was her gentle wont.

She was in her own room, lying on the sofa by the fire, and nurse had pulled the blind down, and made the room quite dark; and when Tricksy put her head in at the door, nurse said "Hush," and "Go away;" two admonitions Tricksy's very soul detested.

Prostrate with that sort of headache that only comes from overwrought nerves and too-sorely tried powers of endurance, Georgie longed but for two things—darkness and silence. We all long for these when light and life have beaten too strongly on us, and we need rest and solitary quietude to "commune with our own hearts and be still." What a relief it would have been to the girl not to have thought at all! But alas! who ever yet succeeded in putting aside thought because thought is pain?

Rather did it seem as though the very violence of the throbbing in her temples, the pain that almost blinded her, and made her cold as any stone in spite of the piled-up fire and the big shawl, rendered thought more vividly acute, more active and alive. If she dropped into an uneasy doze, some dream-voice murmured in her ear, "Georgie—my darling!" and she started up to the sense of some beautiful thing being offered her that she must not take—some hand holding forth a perfumed flower that duty bade her trample underfoot—some soft, unutterably sweet melody falling on her ear that duty forbade her,

to listen to, urging her to push forward into a desolate country where such melody was not. And so the day wore on—the short winter day that had been such an eventful one, that, if it were measured by the intensity with which life had been lived in it, would have far outrun any mid-summer's day that ever dawned.

"I shall soon be all right again," said the young mistress to Nurse Hughes, as that faithful handmaid brought a cup of tea hot and strong, and assured her that it was a panacea for every ill flesh is heir to; but even the effort of lifting the cup to her lips turned her sick and faint with fresh stabs of pain, and nurse shook her head as she carried the empty cup downstairs.

"I reckon," she said in confidence to the housemaid, "the young gentleman as were here this morning has something to do with all this; he was like any cobs as I let him out; and Miss Georgie, why, she was like another, for all the world—she stood like an image in a china shop beside the table; and 'Nurse,' says she, 'I'm not very well; give the children their dinner without me;' and out she walked, and up the stairs like any ghost, and never a morsel of food has crossed her lips this day. I wish the master was back again, Mary Anne, so I do, though that can't never be."

Outside the daylight faded, and the sea moaned and sobbed upon the shore; the wind rose rough and high. Inside all was light and warmth, and the cheery fire-light cast quaint shadows on the walls, and flickered on the pale face lying back upon the pillow, still fair to look upon, though the dark circles round the eyes took much of its youth and brightness away. Georgie had fallen into an uneasy doze, when a light tap at the door startled her into consciousness.

"I hope nurse hasn't been so foolish as to send for Dr. Babbiecomb," she thought to herself, as she said "Come in."

Then the door opened very softly, and someone came in.

But it was not Dr. Babbiecomb. It was Mrs. Ainsleigh.

Perhaps that lady was a shade paler than usual—as if she had passed through some sharp mental conflict in the last twenty-four hours, and it had left its mark.

Now, I almost fear Georgie will lose her right to be considered a heroine, when it is stated that she sat up quickly, clasped her hands tightly together after her usual

fashion when troubled, and had not a word to say!

You see, there are shades and gradations of feeling; there is the feeling that finds vent in words or tears, and there is the feeling that is too deep for either. Thus, we can bid "God-speed," and say farewell to a friend we love; we can wave a hand in adieu as he passes from our sight; for though tears arise, they do not blind us. But when the "desire of our eyes" is torn from us, the lips are silent because the heart feels so much, and we cannot watch, but only fall upon our knees and pray.

Had Georgie felt less keenly at the sight of her unlooked-for visitor, she might have had more to say; as it was she had nothing. Mrs. Ainsleigh was shocked at the change in the girl since she had last seen her, and tears gathered in her eyes—tears not wholly free from the bitter ingredient of remorse—as she seated herself on the sofa by her side.

"You must forgive me for coming up here; but the servant told me you were ill, and I was afraid you might try to come down. Lay your head back as it was before, and don't try to make a stranger of me, Georgie, or I shall have to leave you."

"I am better now, thank you, a good deal, and shall soon be all right again. It is very good of you to come and see me," said Georgie, finding her voice.

"No, it is not very good of me," returned her visitor, "because I wanted so very much to see you."

"To see me?" repeated the girl, all sorts of ideas thronging into her mind as she sat up in spite of the orders she had received, and grew, if that were possible, paler than before.

Doubtless Mrs. Ainsleigh had come to ask her to give some promise—perhaps a promise never to see Douglas again. Well, she would give it; she would shrink from nothing that could bring peace again between those two. She would do just what her "dear" would have wished, if he could speak and tell her.

"Georgie, I have come to ask you to do something for me." . . . Mrs. Ainsleigh took one cold hand in both hers, and looked intently in the girl's face.

"Whatever you want me to do—I will do," said Georgie, trembling.

"I have no daughter; child—will you be one to me?"

Who could be so loving, so sweet, so winning, as Douglas Ainsleigh's mother, when she willed?

She read first wonder, then joy, like a rosy day-dawn, in the girl's face, and drew the poor little aching head gently down upon her bosom.

Meanwhile, in the long old-fashioned drawing-room Douglas waited, with what amount of patience he could muster, the result of his mother's mission—her "expiation," she called it.

He had arrived some ten minutes after her, and been admitted by the delighted housemaid, who informed him that the young mistress was ill upstairs, and "the lady" with her. This piece of information did not tend to put him in an equable frame of mind, and he passed the time chiefly in walking to and fro, from the door at one end of the room to the door at the other, occasionally varying the proceeding by standing on the hearthrug, and beating the devil's tattoo on the mantelpiece.

Presently the door was opened very cautiously, and a golden curly head appeared—only a head—nothing more. After taking a moment's observation, this head disappeared, and another was substituted. Then the door opened fully, and admitted the love-birds. Jack carried Dandy uncomfortably hitched up under his arm. A profound melancholy was in the poor animal's countenance, and his body now and then gave a wriggle by way of protest, but other signs made he none.

Though Jack did the heavy work, and carried Dandy, Tricksey, as became her sex, was the one to speak. She came close to Captain Ainsleigh, and looked boldly up at him.

"We yearly can't have Dandy sold," said she, getting very red in the face and developing a strong tendency to tears as she cast a rueful glance at the uncomfortable Dandy. "The other man has buyed Sag, but we yearly can't give 'oo Dandy!"

So it dawned upon their listener that the children were under the impression that it was "hard times" with them, and that a pressing necessity existed for them to stick to the few earthly possessions left them, and that they looked upon him as a probable claimant for the only living creature they now owned. He caught Tricksey up in his strong arms, and tossed her aloft, so that her long hair floated out like an aureole round her head.

"I'm going to buy you all!" he said, laughing—"sister, and you, and Jack,

and Shag, and Dandy, and everybody—I shan't let the other man have Shag, never fear!"

"O—h!" said Jack, radiant at the idea that they would, at all events, all go together, and pursing up his rose-bud of a mouth into a little round red button. Dandy took advantage of the general excitement to slip from Jack's hold, and retire hastily under the sofa, where he wagged his tail against the floor till it sounded like an aggravated spiritual séance.

"'Oo was playing at being a bease, and yunning up and down in a den, when we comed in: play it agen and let us play too," suggested Tricksey, ready to make the most of her opportunities. But Tricksey's day was over, for a soft rustling on the stairs told of Mrs. Ainsleigh's approach; and there was another step too—a step that made Douglas Ainsleigh's heart beat thick and fast.

"You must not keep her, Douglas; I have only let her come down for a moment," said his mother, already speaking of Georgie as something precious that belonged to those two, mother and son.

Now I think Jack's description of what followed is more graphic than any other could possibly be.

"The big man with the brush on his face kissed Sissy, so him did!"

"He kissed me too," added Tricksey, evidently thinking this by far the more important fact of the two.

"And we's all to go to his house to-morrow to have us tea!"

"And the other man's not to get Sag!"

Thus in friendly competition the love-birds tried who should astonish Nurse Hughes most, and nurse first smiled, and then sat down and laughed outright at all this information, so the children thought they must have been saying very clever things to amuse her so much, till Tricksey saw tears in nurse's eyes, and wondering why grown-up people cried when they were laughing, climbed upon her knee, and put two soft little arms about her neck by way of comfort; Dandy, after his usual fashion in any domestic agitation, barking madly all the while, and looking at everybody as if he wished to be instantly taken into the family confidence.

And they did go to Fern Leigh "to-morrow," and had a "real good time," and though "sister" was very quiet, I am of opinion she was the happiest of the party. "You shall play the Blue Danube for me

to-night," said Douglas, "and I shall turn over the leaves!"

"But I don't play from notes," answered Georgie, with an air of coquetry that became her marvellously well, and brought a bewitching dimple to view.

"Very well; then I shall sit by and count," said Douglas. And he did. At least he sat by; how the time of the music fared is doubtful. Indeed, I fear the whole performance would be best described as—intermittent!

Mrs. Ainsleigh meanwhile read the *Water-Babies* to Jack and Tricksy, who listened with round eyes, entranced, and forgot to search out what sister was doing in the inner drawing-room.

There is more sweetness than sadness in the flowing melody to-night, for vibrating through the girl's heart is a loving, tender joy, as she feels her lover near.

"But, after all," said Mrs. Ainsleigh, as she kissed her new daughter, "it was I who was Georgie's Wooer!"

"Never mind, mother, who was the wooer," replied her son, laughing, "so long as Georgie is won!"

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN Captain Ainsleigh's solicitor wrote to Bedingfield Harper for a statement of the late Captain Hammond's affairs, those liabilities that had been such a terrible dread and burden to his daughter were found to have disappeared: a fate which necessity also forced upon the genial stock-broker himself shortly afterward; for having "cut it rather too fine," as a friend of his graphically observed, in one particular case, he had to repeat the first part of this process in his own person with despatch.

Douglas Ainsleigh never forget the banker's generous kindness to Georgie in her hour of need; and at last Mrs. Willoughby Robinson realised the grand aim and object of her life—she dined at Fern Leigh Manor, proceeding to that hospitable mansion in the "vehicle." But then, and always, the banker's wife was comparatively subdued and silent in the presence of Mrs. Ainsleigh the younger; and the power that so compressed her natural assertive impudence, was the sure

and certain knowledge that Georgie had dealt generously by her, and never told Captain Ainsleigh of that unfortunate letter, which a sudden turn of Fortune's wheel had rendered an unpardonable social blunder, even in the eyes of the writer herself.

Mr. Featherdew looked pinker about the eyes, and longer about the face, for some time after Miss Hammond's engagement was announced to astonished Sheeling; but he never reproached Mrs. Ainsleigh for a want of candour on the occasion of their memorable interview—no, not even in his secret heart.

"She could hardly tell me her son loved Miss Georgie when nothing was settled about the matter, though I daresay she knew it, and that was what made her so agitated and unlike herself. I daresay she felt ready to order me out of the house all the time I was speaking; and I daresay it was only her sweet graciousness of heart that prevents her showing any resentment toward me by her manner now."

Thus pondered the Reverend Anthony, and he was strengthened in this view of the case by the fact that Mrs. Ainsleigh was especially sweet and gracious, nay, almost winning, in her manner to him ever after that momentous visit.

"How she feels for my disappointment!" he thought to himself.

Since a special blessing is pronounced to that Christian virtue that "thinketh no evil," be sure the simple, honest-minded parish priest of Sheeling will have such a blessing on his life and work!

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